The Lesson Of The Thumb

Every tool, beginning with sticks picked from forest floors and rocks smoothed from shores, progressing to the most complex of machinery, has served to carry out the same intended purpose - to create more time spent not working.

This logic can even be extended to the directed evolution of our teeth and fingernails, or our digits themselves, especially the one opposing the four. Welcoming nurseries encased in skin for the tools we use to extract materials for the constant maintenance of the facilities.

All of these adaptations and inventions are for one purpose universal:

The ultimate goal of all of this:

What Douglas Adams referred to as life, the universe, and everything:

(cue cinematic musics!)

Is so no one, anywhere, ever, has to do a goddamn thing.

That is what everything has always been about.

Period. There is nothing else anyone is working towards.

Even the blasphemous fucktards who are so deliciously about to get their

repulsive, fat heads skewered on stakes and tastefully used to decorate bridges and highway overpasses as bird feeders (they go for the eyes first!).

Obviously, that is exactly what they were working towards the entire time!

How cool is it that they're pouring all of the stolen work from so many others into building even more complex machines that will, maybe even within my lifetime (and I'm a smoker!), completely eliminate any person at all, anywhere, for any reason, doing any fucking thing!

Even cooler than that, previously mentioned monstrous subhuman fucktards, every single one of whom is equipped with tiny vestigial smegma-ridden penises and/or huge, offensively reeking, infection-prone, mutilated mushy appearing vaginas continuously oozing cottage cheese consistency substances which match the appearance of the nearby flabby asscheeks of both (they insist it is both) genders won't be around to be part of those enjoying the new paradigm (this is an appropriate use of this word, by the way, which makes your not-so-humble prophet maybe the third or fourth person ever in the history of written language to ever do so) set forth upon humankind by our millennium upon millennium of ceaseless toil which, yeah naysayers, finally did result in something close enough to a utopia to go ahead and call it that without heavily sarcastic and mean-spirited irony.

You thought I was going to end this with some Hitchcock-influenced cruel twist in the final few film frames (always avoid alliteration - always, which is something I've dedicated a side project towards including as much as possible in a glaring, gleeful, double-fisted middle finger salute Fuck You! to my frizzy-headed bitch of a ninth-grade Advanced English Gifted and Talented instructor, which has wonderfully and unintentionally sucked in tons of hyphens) before the credits rolled, didn't you!?

Nah, go ahead and revel in celebratory debauchery and wholesomeness. Sure, by nature most prophecies are awful buzzkills, but not this one! Now sharpen those pitchforks and let's make our public transportation lanes

pleasant places to stroll at any hour! Yay! We did it! Go Us!

Added bonus good news: with all of the disgusting, obsolete, hideous, twisted mutations of humankind screaming that they're traditionalists finally eradicated like the obvious vermin they are from the crust of all planetary surfaces, the population as a whole is completely sexy and highly desirable companions capable of experiencing and expressing emotions in helpful, non-evasive manners because there's no infantile persecutors desperately attempting to hide their lack of self-worth, achievement, and self-esteem by attacking others for being what they correctly perceive as superior to them!

Also, we can mainline cheesecake filling straight into our aortas now (your choice of fruit topping will appear instantaneously on your tongue) and it doubles as a delivery system for anti-aging serum, infallible birth control, and inoculation against even possible but as of yet undiscovered combinations of molecules that could cause any conceivable disease or symptoms of slightest discomfort. For real! I would not make this up! This inevitable future is so close to paradise we give up trying to not call it that!

Fuck yeah! Good job! Glad you make it! It was really shitty for a minute, huh? Fuck that! We're never doing that stupid shit again! No scientific moonwalking;! All right!

[bridesmaids, extraordinary, skateboarding - what Blacknote's built-in spellcheck insisted I meant when my taptaptapping finger inserted smegma-rideen into a sentence]